MEW PUBLICATIONS.

MRS. HOWE'S DRAMA. Pos WORLD'S OWN. By Julia Waso Hows. 12me.
pp. 140. Beston: Technor & Fields.

In this edition of the dramatic piece which has pecently attained such a wide celebrity, we have the original composition of the author, without the changes which a literary production requires for specessful representation on the stage. Apart from the scene illusions with which it has been brought before the public by the manager of Wallack's Theater, it is now presented to the poetic reader as an methetic creation, and chatlenges examination in that point of view. No degree of success on the stage can furnish assurance of the excellence of a work of art; nor are the most admirable produc-Mons of poetry always adapted to histri mis effect. We read the elder English dramatis's, including Shakespeare, with a profound sense of the inadequacy of the stage to do justice to their noblest conceptions; Schiller and Goe'he a waken a genial admiration without the appliances of the theater; and such genuine works of in elect as the plays of Byron, Coleridge, or Joanna Baillie, will long maintain their high rank in literature, though they want the qualities which would make them suitable for popular representation. "The World's Owa," in our opinion, falls under the same category. With obvious defects as a drama for action on the stage, its merits as a poem are not only worthy of its gified authoress, but afford a fresh illustration of the richness and vigor of her mind. In bold and just conception of character, in consecutive unity of development, in natural delineation of passion, and in exquisite beauty of diction, it stands preem nent smong modern dramatic compositions.

The beroine of the play is first introduced as a young maiden in an Italian mountain village of the last century, who has lent a too credulous car to the protestations of a nobleman, whose evil eye she had attracted at a rural dance with her companions. The commencement of their acquain ance is described in the following dialogue between two of ber friends:

Jacques .- At such an evening feetival as this. Jacques.—At such an evening tectival as the just over, see the amening was at set d.

The stranger passed, and saw what we have seen.

He had left his carriage at the smithy youder.

For some repair, and, to beguite an hour,

With listless air was wandering bither, thither.

The music, haply, lured num to this spot,

But with a vacant and abstracted one w,

Served delayed he leak mean the willings wirls. Bearce deigned he look upon the village girls In heliday attire—nay, scarcely paused Before the waterfall, our hamlet's pride, That many a foreign artist comes to view.
The band, dividing, passed to either side,
And from the ranks moved Leonore alone,
To the majestic measure that she loves.
White were her garments, while her twisted scarf,
And white the flowers that garlanded her brow,
Proclaiming her the hamler's maiden queen. Edward.—O, I have often seen her thus. And he ?
Did this arrest him ?

Jacques.— Such a sudden spark
Wake in his eye, it grow a flash, a flame,
A thought, a purpose, and a destiny.
I saw his breathing to her steps keep time.
Unconscious she—her movement mattered him,
So gazed he, ware of naught on earth beside,
Dropk with her hearty, fill she stomad to rest ink with her beauty, till she stopped to rest,

June with her bearry, an sue supped to rest,
And tarning, saw him.

Educard.— Saw but heeded not?

Jacques — Surprised to stillness, with a sudden shook,
as eating one foreshadowed in a dream,
be stood, intense and tremulous; a blush
(The only element her beauty lacks)
Reddened like sunset, from her fair white brow
To the act limits of her visit year. To the soft limits of her virgin vest.

T was but a moment—pale and recomposed,
She launched an ica-boit from her scanful eyes,
And switt, but stately, vanished from the scene.

Edward.—O, happy pride! O, rescue sent of heaven
She 's saie! Those eyes have deadly weaponry.

Jacques —Be not toe sure The peril is not past.
She wasts the vizard of her maidenhood Haughtily close, I grant you; but her heart may prove the traiter in the citadel.

The progress of Leonora's infatuation in contrast with the glozing wickedness of Lothair is disclosed in a subsequent scene, which forms the key-note to the entire plot. The reckless, impassioned devotion with which the practice 1 court er had inspired the heart of the village queen, finds its natural termination in the demonic bitterness of revenge upon the discovery of his guitt.

Enter LOTHAIR and LEONORA. Leonora - How soft the shadows gather in our train, Holding the dead Day's pail, while we go forth, Bearing heart-incesse for her funeral! No marring break of separation came;
One golden web of hap, iness she wove;
Wherefore, God rest thee, gentle Day—sleep well!
Lotkar.—And this, the very charmed twilight hour,
When pilgrim Love, his finger on his sips, Binds all to mys erv. Shall we rest here?

Leonora - S Lothair - A little further You are still the guide, Leonora.— You are still the guid Leading, each day, to joys undreamed before. Into the sunset's fiery heart we fly, As in the rose the bee for ravishment. I know not places, when I walk with you; only know they are no earthly ways We need together.

Lohair.—
Yet my Leonor.

At sunden fancies stays her pretty steps,
Like to a tsicksome steed that feigns alarm
When he is froward.

Nay, I do not feign:

I love the light; the very biaze of noon
Prights not my courage; on my hardy brow
It lays a blessing and a size et once.
So dear I prize it, I could walk abroad,
Were you so minded, through the market-place,
With dauntless presence, saying to the world,
Behold Lothair—behold my love for him,
That seeks its sanction in the face of Heaven!
Lothair.—Hush! hush! fair child; that is no more

ex; eavens attest the love I bear you, list ning The heavens acceed to the heaven of the heave of the heave of the heaven of the heaven

This jewel shall record for thee my vowe
Beyond the power of distance or of doubt.
Wearing it, thou becom'st my gentle thrall,
Bounden to follow where thy ma ter bids.

Leonor a.—Blast in obedience, when the word i

Though through hell's tortures led the burning way The fear were, you might stay my eager steps
With the cold ban of separation.
Ev'n then I w nid be dustful till death,
And keep my fasts unbraken to the end.
But we Il not thick of that, Friend, Lover, Master As you pronounce it—so, command your slave, Only remembering that she yields to you, For faultiess guidance, all she o see to God! The next step in the drams is the desertion of

Leonora by her betrayer, which the confiding maiden is sow to believe. She is taunted with the fact by her village comrades, who take a fiendish delight in her ruin, and are eager to drive her to despair. At length she leaves the remote village among the mountains, with the determination to seek out her lover, in whose faith she still reposes a weman's trust. Not until she has the proof of perfidy from his own lips is she undeceived. Upon being confronted with the wife of Lothair, the ven-

Leonora.— And I, O God, betrayed

Do you remember me? These eyes, there is Do you remember me? These eyes, these hps,
This borom—was it you who ravished all
The poor gir! dower? This very lock of hair
Has lost its fallow—do you know its fate?
Upon your heart you swore that it should lie
Till death—upon the heart that swelled with ples
To cestary, you said, when I draw nigh. Sweet worse-sweet breath—a madness of delight In which my soul passed from me! Could I die, And think him not a villain, I would bless The band that stabled me! Say it is not true; Say that you love me still.

You know not what you say. Your words offend One who has rights.

Leonora.— She'll waive those rights a moment
Let your heart speak this once better we part

Ferever—de you leve me 1 He ! O. Sand ! But 't is not sot true! Your lips be'is your heart.
You pottey deems it, to east me off,
But you will keep my image in your thoughts
Secred and dear.

Letheir.—
Uson my word, not I!

Lovera—Then am I wronged as never woman a
And such a sin cries out to Heaven for vengoance.

Is a further conversation with Lothau, she reseives full evidence of his heartless villainy. Bac awakers to the grim consciousness that she has not only been the victim of his wiles, but the dupe of his by poerisy:

his by poerisy:

Leonora — I hear it all as voices in a dream;
But as for (seling, I ve no feeing left.
Thus was it best—why this was merciful!
All's over so— I was about to go.
Distraction waits upon the threshold yonder,
To mock me as I pass. The stones I' the street,
That bore my basty hitherward steps, will stand and laugh as I go bence. The bridal flowers—
Why should I keep them at my besom mere!
Le there forever—us, the sweet of earth!
But, O! this ring—in whose solem ify
My life's whole thought lay centered—how shall this frand in remembrance as a thing profane!
Madam, I lay it, sobbing at your feet,
Happier than I, who have no refuge there.
From that moment, the aweet tenderness of

From that moment, the sweet tenderness o womanhood is driven from her being-one deadly purpose fills her soul-earth holds nothing dear to her but the means of vengeance-and heaven has no vision of delight so rapturous as the triumph over her destroyer.

Leonora —Let no one say I've wept. From these seared eyes
Poisons may drop, but never bum in tears. Poisons may drop, but never hum in fears.
Some ceally power is in ma. Were be here,
My breath should wither him. One sudded look
Should bid the life blood curdle at his heart.
Never to leave it more. Let me not think!
Avenging God! I was a woman once—
A thing to nourish children at my brosst,
and hear their abusels whit per through my dreams,
As and does nightly, pillowed on his breast.
With sorer travail now shail deeds of wrath
And chastly horner chain their hight from me. And ghastly horser claim their wirth from me.

The development of the plot now becomes lurid with it fernal fires. Leonora devotes the perverted energies of feminine constancy to the accomplishment of her feel purpose. Her success is in propertion to her perseverance. Through her wicked arts Lothair has become involved in a conspiracy against the 8 ate, his life is forfeit, he is beggared in fortune, Leonora has stolen his child from its mo ber. The cup of revenge was sweet. SCENE-Leonora's Bedchumber. On the bed a child

Leonora - Twas grea; - 'twas godlike! I have drunk to the tull
The costly wine of vergeance; and I feel

Its mighty madness coursing through my veins! What pang was left forgotten? What disgrace? What pang was left forgotten? What disgrace?

O, man, so gallant and so reckless once.
Crushing the poor girl's heart in your white hands!

Where are you now? Your glozing tongue is dumb;
The flashing taleshoods of your eyes are spent;
And death and you, of all disguises stript,
Glare grimly on each other.

Here's his boy;

Liberty force.

Glare grimly on each other.

I shall be mad—no! I must see his face.

(She goes to the bed, and arraws the curtain.)
These are the features of my grithood's dream;
Thus looked my tool, ere it tell—to seam
The uptured forebead with the gash of shame.
O, what a god he seemed! He stood on clouds;
Stars shot their plances through his azure eyes
That were my Sun, my Heaven, my Universe!
It is the folly of my heart to think
That something bears his form in yonder skies;
Some heavenly delight must look as he did.
For things divine have twin antipodes,
And Lucifer bath left his shining peer
Where he bath no hereafter.

Night wears on,
And brings no pause. The hours drop off like pearls
Lito the silver silence.

At this crisis, a masked figure appears in her presence, who addresses her in a tone of terrible

presence, who addresses her in a tone of terribie rebuke. This is Edward, whose early love for the unspotted child of the mountains has turned into manly indignation at her crimes. He confronts her with a portrait of herse f as seen in her days of innocence.

Leonora .- "Tis my young face-my fair and innocent face. What wretch art thou, to torture me with this? What wretch art thou, to torture me with this?

Mask,— She was as wild and arrogant in her love
As in the have to which the scored ed bud ripened.

Too proud to bear the fortune of her sex;

Wronged ever more then wronging, save this one,
She grew a fiend in malice. Help was near
In feithful hearts, and in the priceless power
To shame misforture with true productions. To shame misfortune with true nooteness. From loving hands held out she turned away, And plunged from passion into intamy Not for the weakness of a second it ve, Or serded need, or last of legrous splendor, But for the ruin of one wretched soul, She gave, what God till then beld innocent, The gaves of her youth. The glories of her youth. The prince's mi There is her portrait; you behold her now.

The passion of Leonora is now changed into the agony of remorse. A gleam of returning womangood lights up the path to death, and, withering under the stern displeasure of "one who leved her as a brother should," she stabs herself to the heart. The mask now falls and Edward is discovered:

The mask now falls and Edward is discovered:

Edward (n masking)—Leonora!

Leonora.— Edward, we are haply met!

Edward.—O, rash, heroic deed!

Leonora.— Why should you grieve?

See how this life-blood lets the madness out,
That pressed, so closely-packed, upon my heart;
And I grow calm at last; and, as in dreams,
Behold the peaceful visions of my youth.

Deep in the mountain's heart the châlet lies,
And, in the sun, the rustling waterfall

Leaps gladly evermore. A maiden band

Dance rustic measures to its cool refrain;
And one in white moves, taller than the rest. And one in white moves, taller than the rest.

D'ye see it, Edward?

Edward.— I am there with you.

Leonora.—Who's he that passes with the baughty

The tall girl stopped her dancing when he came, The tall girl stroped her dancing when he came,
That he might speak, and cheat her of her soul.
Then there was vengeance! what became of it?
'Tie gone. I see you—know myself again—
And what I come from. We must save Lothair,
Whose treason was the fruit of my deceit.
Tell him I *pohe forgiveness ere I died.
Help!—I grow faim!—So, let me lie at rest! [Dies.]
Edward.—See! she is dying! my beloved is dying!
Ah, God! the parting struggle is at end.
Let the white shadow lie upon my heart,
The wreck of all that's fair and excellent;
A thing of tears and tendences forever!

The outline we have now given of this drama

A thing of tears and tenderness forever

with the passages quoted to make the connection complete, shows that it possesses a power of invention and of execution, which could be attained only by rare poetic genius. It has the faults, from which few plays of high intellectual merit are wholly free, of too frequent a vein of reflection, of an eccasional too elaborate nicety of diction, and of not sufficient rapidity in the accomplishment of the different stages of the plot. But the conception of character in the leading personages is eminently faithful to nature, betraying an unusual power of looking beneath the surface to the beart, and carried out with almost masculine decision and vigor. It is not the purpose of the play to full the soul in any sofe visions of angelia oveliness. The realms of Paradise have not been searched for its subjects. No attempt is made to win the worldly and frivolous to the love of virtue by holding up an enticing image of moral excelleace It deals in none of the seductive anodynes, of which even the fashionable pulpit is not without examples, that serve to delude an admiring audience into a complacency with themselves, by reason of their sympathy with the delightful qualities of some hero or hereine of romance. "The World's Own," on the contrary, is a picture of the people of the world, as distinguished from the children of heaven -of the gay, plausible, deceitful villain, who is ready to sacr fice the most precious treasures to the idle whim of the moment, with whom domestic peace has no safeguard and virgin innocence no sanctity-of the selfish pride of woman, who, elated

with the addresses of a sixled libertine, secrifore her honor under the combrard influence of tire and ambision, and without the talisman of inward principle, cherishes in her heart the eemen sof a fiend. The moral effect of such delineations can only be to impress the imagination with the loathsome character of vice. They serve to remove the il-ustons, with which passion strives to adorn the path of the transgressor. No one can follow the fortunes of the wretched, unsexed, demonic Leopora without a fresh sense of the terrible fate which impends over the sou from which the tender charities have been expelled, changing the milk of human kindness into infernal gall. The contempt a hich is excited for such an it carnation of world y seinthness as Lothair is no less stern and bracing in its moral influence, than the disgust with which we contemplate the weird fu les of Leonora. The exhibition of such characters, however, may be too re, uisive for the danty sensibilities, which are never wearied with the vices of Lucrezus Borgia or D n Giovanni when set to the music of the opers, and it is accordingly not surprising that they shrink from such a vivid portraiture of our common humanity in its perverted state. But if elequent, impassioned hom hes on the depravity of man are deemed by the severest judges to be a wholesome means of grace, we can find no ·alid objection, in a moral point of view, to the faithful illustrations of the poet, which "hold the "mirror up to nature," and not only give "seorn "ber own image," but pour a terrible light on the secret wicker ness which turks in the most plausible possibilities of the "world's own," The most prominent defect of this drama, in our

opinion, is of an aesthetic rather than of an ethical character. We find the same fault in it waich we have heretofore more than once altured to in the former productions of the authoress. For a tragedy of such somber strain, it is modu ated on too sniform a tone. We can be wan "excess of light," though dazzled for the time by its glory-we do not tire by the recurrence of airy and cheerful scenes, though often repeated-but nature rebels agains; the protracted darkness of an Arctic winter, and grows equally impatient of the monotoneds exhibition of the darker human passions. We wish to be released from the gloomy atmosphere, to welcome the approach of the vernal sun, and to refresh ourselves in the exuberant and kindly light. Hence the characters in this drams produce a sense of weariness in spite of the vigor and naturalness with which they are depicted. The vile passions occupy too prominent a place in the scene, and need the relief of more attractive emotions. The force of antipa hy, of hate, is too exclusively drawn upon, without leaving room for the indulgence of the nobier sympathics. This is, unquestionably, a fault of arrist c arrangement, and might be corrected by the example of the greatest of dramatists. When Shakespeare depicts the ferocious Jew intent on feeting his revenge, he a ternates the darker exhibitions of passion with the sweet wisdom of Portia, the tender simplicity of Jessies, and the laughing humor of the "merry devil" Launcelot. The subtle viliainy of Iago ceases to be oppressive when tempered by the sorrows of Othello and the heavenly womanhood of the peerless Descemons. But the "World's Own" is an almost unbroken tissue of autipathetic characters. It represents the serpent in the garden, but without the prom se of restoring mercy. The spectacle of Pandemonium is not softened by any glimpses of celestial spirits. Even the caaracters who are intended to embody the genius of goodness make little impression on the reader. Lorenzo is a statuesque impersonation of noble sentments. Katenen is a shadowy type of selfforgetting friendship. Edward, although he mellows upon acquaintance, seems at first but a hard abstract outune, with only a slight proportion of human flesh and blood. The whole scene is so preoccupied with the children of the evil one, as to leave no fair chance to the exercise of the na ural virtues. Everything is concentrated upon Leonors and the object of her revenge. In the conception and portraiture of their characters, the authoress has shown a creative power which is seldom at the command of a female pen. There is no feebleness in the grasp of her mind, or in the tone of her ex pression. Lothar and Leonora exhibit a complete epic unity in their characteristic styles of depravity-the one showing a base, superficial, peartless, ignoble nature, which no divine charm could allure to goodness; the other, the transformation of feminine pride and tenderness into the indiguant and vindictive fierceness of a demon. As moral paintings of the influence of the worst passions of humanity, they show a singular tenscity of purpose, and are executed with the severe informal, unconscious logic, which is the favorite form of the highest truth. In point of choice poetic diction and imagery, the drama is unrivaled by any of the admirable poems which have given Mrs. Howe such an elevated rack in the literature of the day. Many of its passages are not only superior in felicity of expression to any of her previ ous writings, but they have the genuine ring which atlies them with the productions of a better age.

THE ORIGINAL DRED SCOTT A RESI-

SKETCH OF HIS HISTORY. SKETCH OF HIS HISTORY.

From The St. Lonis News. Apr. 28.

The distinguished colored individual who has made such a noise in the world in the case of Scott against Sanford, and who has become so tangled up with the Missouri Compromise and other great subjects—Dred Scott—is a resident, not a citizen, of St. Louis. He is well known to many of our citizens, and may frequently be seen passing along Third street. He is an old inhabitant, having come to this city thirty years

O. Dred Scott was born in Virginia, where he belonged Died Scott was born in Virginia, where he belonged o Capt. Peter Biow, the father of Heary C. Blow and Toplor Blow of this city. He was brought by his master to St. Louis about thirty years age, and in the course of time became the property of Dr. Emerson, a surgeon in the arm y, whom he accompanied on that trip to Rock Island and Fort Snelling, on the ground of which he obsero his claim to freedom. The wife of Dr. Emerson was formerly Miss Sanford, and is now Mrs. Chaffiet, wife of the Hon. Mr. Uhaffee of Massachusetts.

He has be a married twice, his first wife, by whom he Chaffee, whe of the Hon. Air. Chaffee of Massachusetts. He has been married twice, his first wife, by whom he had no children, having been sold from him. He has lad four children by his present wife—two boys, both ceno, and two gurls, both living. Dred was at Corpus Christi at the breaking out of the Maximum war, as the servant of Capt. Banoridge, whom he speaks of as a

servant of Capt. Banoridge, whom he speaks of as a "good man."

On his return from Mexico he applied to his mistress, Mir. Emerson, then fiving near St. Louis, for the parchase of himself and family, offering to pay part of the money down, and give an eminent citizen of St. Louis, an officer in the army, as security for the payment of the remainder. His mistrest refused his proposition, and Dred being informed that he was entitled to his needom by the operation of the laws regulating the North West Territory, forthwith brought suffor it. The suit was commenced about ten years ago, and has cost Dred \$500 in cash, beside labor to a nearly equal amount. It has given him as "heap o' grounde," he says, and if he had known that "it was gwine to last so long," he would not have brought it. The suit was defended by Mr. John Sanford, as executor of Dr. Emerson's will.

Dred does not appear at all discouraged by the issue the celebrated case, although it dooms him to layers. He talks about the affair with the ease of a veceran litigant, though not exactly in technical lan-guage, and is hugely tickled at the idea of finding him-telf a personage of such importance. celf a personage of such importance. He does not take on airs, however, but laughs heartry when taiking of "de fues dey made 'dar in Washington bout de ole

He is about fifty five years old, we should think,

though he does not know his own age. He is of me nined African blood, and as black as a piece of char-coal. For two or three years past he has been running at large, no one exercising ownership over him or put-ling approximately. coal. Fer two or three years past he has been running at large, no one exercising ownership over him or putting any restraint upon his movements. If he were disposed to make the attempt, he could gain his recommendant as much less of at than even one tenth of the expense of the famous suit. He will not do so, however insisting on abiding by the principles involved in the decision of the suit. He declares that he will stick to his metrees as long as he lives. His daughters, Eliza and Lucy, less conscientions about the mater, took advantage of the absence of restraint on their movements, a year or two since, to disappear, and their he cabeste maintenance in the stravelet considerable, and has improved his stock of strong common sense by much information picked up in his intra-jurgs. He is anxious to know who owns him being ignorant whether he is the prisocry of Mrs.

In his 3 urneyings. He is annous to know who owner him being ignorant whether he is the princety of Mrs. Ch. fies or Mr. Sanford, though, we presume, there is no doubt that the former is his real legal owner. He seems tired of running about, with no one to look after him, while at the same time he is a slave. He says, graningly, that he could make thousands of dollars, if all well, by traveling over the country and telling who sile wed, by traveling over the country and telling

THE DESJARDINS RAILROAD CA-TASTROPHE.

VERDICT OF THE CORONER'S JURY. The Hamilton Banner of the 8th inst, contain the verdict of the Coroner's Jury in the case of the recent temble railroad accident. The protracted inquest was closed and the Jury locked up after being

charged by the Coroner Tuesday afternoon at 4 o'clock After an enumeration of the names of the persons on whose bodies the inquest was held, the verdict (which was brought in at 9 o'clock last evening), proceeds as 1. That the persons aforesaid being passengers and

1. That the persons aforesaid being passengers and servents of the Great Western Railway Co., came to their death in consequence of the Company's locomotive engine, "Oxford," and tender, with a baggager and two first-class passenger cars attached, complising the train leaving Toronto for Hamilton, at 10 mutures past 7 o'clock, in the afternoon of the 12th day of March last, having been precipitated into the Desjarons Canal by the breaking of the swing bridge over said canal.

2. The jorors find that the immediate cause of the accident was a wing to the breaking of the forward

accident was wing to the breaking of the forward axle of the engine truck close to the wheel on the right at a point on the road not ascertained, and in conse-quence of which the left forward wheel of the truck quebee of which the left the witch west the said Desjar dins canal bridge, cauring the locomotive when enter ing on the bridge to diverge to the right, cru hing acc

dina canal bridge, cauring the locomotive when entering on the bridge to diverge to the right, cru hing and tearing away the support—precipitating the whole train into the canal, and resulting in the calamity which forms the subject of this melancholy inquiry.

3. The jurca further had that the said locomotive. Oxford had recently undergone a thorough repair, and six days previously to the melancholy occasion, according to the evidence, had been turned out of the repair shop in a satisfactory condition. They likewise find that before leaving the Toronto station with the train on this fatal trip, the said engine was examined by the proper officer and reported by him to be in perfect order.

order.

4 The Jurors aforesaid also find that the said bridge 4 The Jurors aforesaid also find that the said bridge over the Desjardins Canal was built of wood and constructed of sufficient a rength for the conveyance of the traffic of the line saiely and securely, over the said bridge; provided that the loconotive and cars remained on the railway track, but that the said bridge was not built of sufficient strength to sustain the engine and train in case they should run off the track while passing over the said bridge.

5. The Jurors aforesaid are of opinion that the only certain way of providing against a similar catastrophe at the same place would be, by the erection of a permanent bridge, and they would therefore strongly arge on the Government to cause the same to be built fortu-with; and also, that the Toronto and Great Western

on the Government to cause the same to be built forthwith; and also, that the Teronto and Great Western these should have separate tracks over said construction, thereby doing away with switches, which are always objectionable in such places.

6. The Jurors would further recommend the renewal of the former law, compelling all trains to come to a dead stop before passing over this and all similar bridges, believing, as they do, that this tamentable accident might have been avoided had this precautionary measure remained in force.

CLOSE OF THE KALLOCH TRIAL.

Prom The Reston Journal, April 19.

The Court came in vesterday morning at 9, and the court room was well filled with spectators anxious to bear the result of the deliberations of the Jury. The crowd, however, was not see large as it would have been bad there been any expectation of a verticit being reached. The Jury last night were permitted to leave their confined quarters, and by the kindness of their keepers were allowed the full reage of the Court-House.

At an early hour this morning they were seen ranging about the building in pairs or alone, in apparently the same undecided state of mind with which they first left their seats. About 3 o'clock they were gathered together again by officer Pritchard and secorted back to their quarters there to remain until a verdict was reached, or until further order of the Court.

Inmediately on assuming the bench Judge Sanger directed that the Jury should be brought down to the court-room, and they came in looking somewhat care-

orrected that the Jury should be brought down to the court-room, and they came in looking somewhat careworn and weary, but still determined on their individual opinions. They had been out twenty one hours.

Judge Sanger put the question to the foreman—Mr.

Foreman, have you agreed upon a verdict?

Foreman—We have not?
Judge—Are there any instructions upon points of aw that you desire?
Foreman—I know of none,
Judge—Is there any probability of your agreeing

upon a verdict!

Foreman-I should think not, your Honor. We stand in the same position that we did last night as to

opinion.

Judge—It is of the n'most importance, gentlemen, to the public and to the defendant that you agree upon a vergict, but in doing so, you must do so conscientiously and in accordance with your duty—and you say that

Foreman—There can be no chance of an agreement.

Judge—Mr. Officer, you may take the papers from

the Jury.

This was then done, and thus terminated the trial which has so long occupied the public mind.

It is now understood that the Jury on their first ballot, yesterday afternoon, were equally divided, standing six for conviction and six for acquittal.

Mesers Hyde of Lowell, Gouch of Watertown, and Staples of Cambridge were the strong advocates of an acquittal, on the first ducussions in the Jury room, and these, with Mesers, Rockwood and Spooner of Ashland, and Kingman of Re ding, made up the six who were for an acquittal on the first basic.

Mr. Ture of Lowell subsequently joined their views, and afterward the foreman—Mr. Russell of Lexington—come to the same view. This makes the eight who, from that time—9 o'clock last evening—were of the opinion the offense was not clearly proved.

The other four, Mesers, Messinger of Cambridge, Hastings of Framingham, Hutchinson and Nichole of Charlestown, were for a conviction, and so remained throughout. was then done, and thus terminated the trial

throughout.

Throughout the morning, until the discharge of the Jury, Mr. Kallech and his counsel Mr. Dana were in Jury, Mr. Kalloch and his counsel Mr. Dans were in Court, and went out together, and with Mr. Swen. The case will probably never reach another trial.

TANEY IN 1843 ps. TANEY IN 1857.

Chief-Justice Taney turns Dred Scott out of court on the ground that he is a negro and a slave, and consequently not a citizen, and not entitled to see in the United States Courts, even to recover his freedom—the Court having no iorisdiction in such cases. The best arewer to this is Cotef Justice Paney's own decision in similar case that came before him in 1843.

a similar case that came before him in 1843.

James Ash, a Maryland negro and slave, sued for his freed in in the Circuit Court of the District of Columbia, as Dred Scott old in that of Missouri. The case was in like n anner carried up to the United States Supreme Court. But it met with a different reception and a different decision.

Mr. Celef-Justice Taney delivered the opinion of the

and a different decision.

Mr. Chief-Justice Taney delivered the opinion of the Court. (We quote from Whitiams vs. Ash, Howard's Reports, vol. 1, pp. 12-14).

This case, "said his Honer, " is brought here by writ of error from the Circuit Court, and came before that Court upon a petition for treedom. It appeared upon the trial that the petitioner was the property of Mary Ann Greenfield of Prince Grouge's County, in the Strite of Maryland, who died in 1824, having destodily trade her last will and testamen, whereby, smoog other things, she bequeathed the petitioner, with sundry other slaves, to her nephaw, G. T. Greenfield, with a previse in the following words: 'Provided, he shall not carry than out of the State of Maryland, or sell them to any one, in either of which events. I will and device the said agrees to be free for Pte.' Upon the death of the teststrix, G. T. Greenfield took possession of the petitioner (James Ash) until December, 1839, when he soil the petitioner to the detendant (Wallame), and the petition for freedom was filed shortly after the sale.

"Upon this evidence the Circuit Court instructed the Jury, that by the fact of such sale of the petitioner, the estate or property of the petitioner so be questfed to Greenfield coased and determinet, and he therefore became entitled to his freedom. We think the bequest in the will was a conditional limitation of

the bequest in the will was a conditional limitation of

mendem to the petrioner, and that it took effect the mement be was sold. The judgment of the Circuit Coors is therefore affirmed."
So that this same Chief Justice then held that a ne So that this about the same that the same the fore the gre might not say be a party to a ruit before the U. S. Supreve Court, like any other citizen, but that a slave might go there and recover his freedom? Which is the law—that expounded by Taney in 1843, or his flat contradiction of himself in 1857.

[Albeny Evening Journal. THE SOUTHERN STATES OF THE

NORTH AMBRICAN UNION. BY AN ENGLISH TRAVELER.

> From The London Daily News. JACKSON, Mississippi, Dec. 6.

Accidents will occur in the best-regulated families, and rain will or me in the best chantee in the world, as I have had convincing proof within the last ter days. To be weather-bound anywhere is bad, uncomfor able, tantalising; but to be weather-bound in an inn-ard that an American ben in a country-town-is a position which might rouse the gods into impatience. For travelere in most parts of Europe the weather has ceased to have any importance, and for travelers in most parts of the United States it is likewise a matter of no great moment; but, in some of the Southwestern States-and Mississippi is among the number -it still retains its ancient supremacy. There are some places out of which there are only two ways of getting-in a stage-coach or on horseback; and either of these, when once the rainy season has set in, is attended with horrors that have been unknown in Eugland for one hundred years or more. The stage in this part of the world is unlike its English prototype this part of the world is unlike its English prototype only in the lowness of its center of gravity and the absence of outside seate. It is about as comfartable, and fully as well horsed, but instead of resting on steel springs, it is sinug on leather straps. It can hardly be called a vehicle. A brig, or a sleop, or a schooner, or a bark, or a "craft" of some sort, would be a much more appropriate appellation. It rolls and putches and toeses, heaves and turches, heels over and is taken aback, is thrown on its besim-ends, and, in a werd, goes through every description of maritime intions and maneuvers. It travels day and aight, sometimes with four horses, often with six, along tracks be a made to sees, heaves and incohes, heels over and is taken aback, is thrown on its be me-ads, such, in a word, goes through every description of maritime unitious and suaneuvers. It travels day sood sight sometimes with four hors, often with six, along traces through the forest which no road-maker save D-ame Nature has ever touched—over ruts and holes, and ravises, and through torents and swamps and access broken plank bridges and corduroy causeways, and through oceans of mud. It is either upset on a hill-side, or breaks down through a bidge, or stocks fast in a quagarite, or is carried away by a torrent, or run away with by the horses, at least once in the twenty-four hours, or, rather, once in every trip let the trip be long or short. Men talk of it is best-couns, as boatmen in a fishing village talk of craft that have been caught at sea in a gade. They make guesses as to what the happened to k "this time," feeting asported that something or other must have happened it. Pascengers, when they get to their journey's each talk there is a supplied to the stock of the road which in England, would make men's blood run cold, but here hardly call forth a passing remark. Long walks on foot, knee-deep in must, shrough forcest in pitchy durkness; he rush of angry streams through the interior of the vehiale: yawaing ravines revealed by shashes of lightning, just as the off-wheels graze the brink; the horribue gloom of gramps on which moddy waters run to and from it which restienness and love of locomotion were not to prevalent as in America, would stage-coaches, under existing circumstances, have ever been thought of. In the Southern States they combine every danger and desagrement, known in travelling, and are only lolers ble for their lolerable speed and the partial protection they afford against rain. When Winter has one plowed up the roads, they become merely a modern of the road in which he would soy any sum in reason for a conveysance, and have to perform, in addition, the disagree the sum of the road to which,

night daunt a wnipper-in—impervious to abuse, and uselis ching under blows and hard work. "Man." said a small farmer to me, in Holmes County, "was "not complete without woman, and I gnees make "were made to be the helpmates o' niggers." However this may be, in most of the Southern States, little or no attention is given to he re-breeding. Any one who raises "stock" to any extent raises hybrids, as requiting less care, and meeting with a readier market. The best marce are devoted to this purpose. But, in point of fact, rearly all the horren and mules to be tound in Atabama, Missussippt and Louisians are brought by jobbers, every Autumn and Winter, from Tennessee and Kentucky, who drive them, in great herds, from town to town, and county to county, and dispose of them along the road, at the various plantations. The prices they ask and get are enormous. A borse that would sell for £20 in England, is considered cheap at £30. Mules of no great size and no great power bring £40 and upward, and they, as well as the agroce, are becoming dearer every year. The general result is, that saddie-horses are degenerating. Each generation of planters is less and less of a riding generation. There is no open country to hunt over, and when they undertake a journey, if they so not like the stage, they generally prefer driving in a buggy to sitting in a sandle. The breed of horses most in favor are heavy-quartered, heavy-shouldered, thick necked, low-bred, but strong rosateters great at a dead pull and brillhant in deep mud. Your delicatelin bed English blood would make a sorry figure going through a clearing, or ever a corduray road.

But handsome is that handsome does." Cotton and dead pull and brilliant in deep mud. Your desicatelimbed English blood would make a sorry figure
going through a clearing, or ever a corduroy road.

"But handsome is that handsome does." Cotton and
the turt have no manner of affinity.

I must protest, as far as my personal experience goes
against the notion generally current on the other size of
the water, that travelers in this country are agt to be
baited by impertinent curiosity. As far as I have seen, in
no country in the world so thinly settled, and in which a
traveler is still, in some sort, a book which his entertainer has the right to read, could a reserved man's reserve be more rigidly respected. You come and go,
in the most cut-of-the-way places, pass idle, fistle-s
dogs in small towns, where every man knows or thinks
be ought to know, every other man for two hundred
miles round; you may be strangely dressed strange
in voice, in sociat, or in manner but no one ever pretends to feel an agentine Southerner is too independent and too proud to manifest much interest in other
people's concerns. Remain sitent and you may sit silent
in the most craw-dock bar-room, as long as you please
Be communicative, and you will find your communications received in a quiet, calm way which soesepts
finely a last is given hat seeks for no more. But I

in the most crewded bar-room, as long as you please. Be a minimizative, and you will find your communications received in a quiet, calm way which accepts freely what is given, but seeks for no more. But I have never witnessed the elightest attempt made to pure plany man who did not choose to be pumped. I am certain I could not have riscent three hundred untest trough an agricultural dierrit in England, and met with so little radents or incivility, and not no man plant tive civility, as I have met with here. You find not deters of paid to you because you are better-dre-sader earry nore merks of wealth shout you than the person you bappen to be apeaking to, but civility is not the less welcome for that. In England, unless a nown to somebody, you are generally treated as nown to somebody, you are generally to the ont utterly by the grand fact that no "gentleman" that is, no free citizen, can refuse to fight another gentleman if a "difficulty" should arise between them, or in other words, if one or other should so fit to take offense upon the ground of any difference in means or recisely portion. Society, as constituted south of fia con and Dixon's Line, establishee rigid equality of all men before the revolver. Certainly if dueling be tolerable under any circumstances it is tolerable under a code of this sort, which recognizes no ground of exemption from its sanguinary requirements. One of its worst features in old furope lies in the fast that the gentificance of caste, the in the cycle feath, the attain may be wiped out, and plant in the cycle feath, the attain may be wiped out, and plant in the cycle feath, the attain may be wiped out, and plant in the cycle feath, the attain may be wiped out, and plant is an earlier with the set of any thing which can be called "so eity," with its eliquette, its amentics, its softening,

civilizing influences—in the absence of all polish, mea-ner, refinement of that nomeless industrials some-thing, whether four of the law or of public opinion, or the influence of education, which in England makes most people quiet and inoffensive in their denomen-toward one another, there can be no question the re-volver, in the South-western States, has to some onmost people quiet and isoffensive in ther demonst toward one another, there can be no question the revolver, in the South-watern States, has, to some actest, been a civilizing agent. It has eaught beens if not of politeness at least of forbearance, which rule settlers in the wilderness —are not likely to have learned in any other way. In a country in which the law neither can nor will interfere to settle or prevent neither can nor will interfere to settle or prevent neither can nor will interfere to settle or prevent neither can nor will interfere to settle or prevent neither can nor will interfere to settle or prevent neither can nor will interfere to settle or prevent neither can nor will interfere to settle or prevent neither can nor will interfere to settle or prevent neither can not thing, income we know nothing, of the innunerable disorders the police in poweriess, except against thieven, ment, of necessity, be committed, were if not known that each man carries about him the means of protecting and averaging himself. I suppose roads so wall adapted for the robbery of travelers never existed as the roads in the greater part of this incipie, and yet rund a thing as a highway robbery is never beard of. She has still a prouder boast to make. The raggedest, shat beest, meaner-looking man in the whole committy may enter any hotel or place of public resurt, and icel as much at this case, as co-tain of being put by every one with as much consideration, of leosiving as much a tention as if he were in his own log-cabin, or as if he drove to the door in a buggy and paty. Whether this be owing to the fact that any one who slights d him would certainly be obliged to fight him, or not, the spectacle is one not to be witnessed in any other country that I know of I doubt very much if such unadulterated republicanism is to be met with in any of the Northern States. However the wealthy planters may think or writ of the "mean wither bey take uncommon good care, at least in this part of the Union, not to show it in toeir man

the Unior, not to show it in their meaner teward thee.

In their own bouses, in extert ining strangers, the small farmers have an amount of self-precession, and even dignity of manner, which men of a carresponding class in Europe never display, and which, in fact, could only be displayed in a country in which differences of rank are unknown. The master of the house takes his place at the head of the table, and says grace, let the fare and the appointments be what they may, with as grand an air as if in were a full-dress dinnerparty. They are nearly all more or less what the swangelical world calls "picus," and are divided pretty equality between two sects—the Methodists and Bastists. Itinerant preachers, earrying all their worldly goods in their saddle-bags, pars and repass in all directions every week, and hold forth symittings in line weather in the open air, in case of accessity anywhere. As far as I have been able to observe, however, cant or technical jargen forms a large part of what the andience carries away from these gatherings. I have heard respectable men swear roundly, define for what reasons—amo of them often, to our notions, atroctously triffing—they would shoot a man down, and the next minute break out hato a religious strain with an unceton and fervor quite besild cering for one to whom to is inconsistency is new. I was at ting before the fire in a farm house some evenings ago, in company with a group of travelers, like myself, overtaken by the storm, when the conversation, as conversation always does in these parts, turned upon negroes, and easold declared weether he would or would not kill a slave attempting to escape, it there were no other way to prevent his digat. All were agreed in thrinking it proper under such circumstances, to pepper him with small shot, but one proclaimed, with an oath, that he would shoot hum dead on the spot. To my great amusement I found, is the course of the evening afterward, that this was the claimed, with an oath, that he would shoot him dead on the spot. To my great amusement 1 found, is the course of the evening afterward, that this was the most pious man of the party is his talk. He and a heartbrok-n-looking old woman, who occupied the chimney-corner and was returning, way-w.m and disappeinted, with her family from Texas, poured out Scriptural consolation to one another for an hour together, his being intermingled with observations addressed to too assemblinge generally, in a slightly different tone, upon the price of land, of mules of alaves, cotton, and such like. What surprised me in the multer was not that he should be a hypocrite, because hypocrites are plenty in all oitness and an all sects but that he should take so listle pains to concean his hypocrity, and that his mixture of slang and cant, of plous precepts with tay-room morality, should appear to accide seither astonishment nor degust among his anditory. This union of puritanteal strictness in doctries, with rowdyleh laxity in language and behavior, is very common. very common.

The merits of the various preachers form almost as

The merits of the various preachers form almost as prominent a subject of discussion as the merits of rival politicians, and the good and bad points of the leaders are sometimes discussed with great heat. There is a preacher in the northern part of this State, one of whose semions, as I was assured, having some under the notice of Mr. Macanlay the historian, that gratherman pronounced it, emphatically, to be the most finished piece of English somposition he had ever read. Stories of this sort about England and Englishmen are generally told with so much positiveness that there is no use in denying or questioning them. The same man from whom I got the above—and he was a man of standing in his quetiet—like-rise communicated a hitle episode in the life of an "illustrious personage," with which your readers are probably not familiar, nor. It expeats that when Mr. John Van Buren—con of the Van Baren of transatlantic calebrity—had the good or evit or time to represent the United S ates at St Jame's, he proved a little too captivaling in the eyes of her Majesty the Queen, who began to restprease the passion which she had already inspired in the breast of the bewitching John. The case was a hard one, but the tale is old. State necessities, esquette, public opinion, John's comparatively lowly origin, and, in short, a thousand and one little impossibilities, forbade the unhappy lover to look for more than sighs and tears, and remembrance. John was recalled in due course; the Queen became the bride of another, and her quonders. happy lover to look for more than signs and sears, are remembrance. John was recalled in due course; the Queen became the bride of another, and her queedam adorer pines still in bachelerbood over his highted hopes, for which reason he is known in these parts by the sobriquet of "Prince John;" and it is firmly believed that it is only the stupid mediaval projudices of a corrupt Court which have hindered him from sharing a throne. The notions about England prevalent among the planters, owing no doub to the smaller amount occumination with the mother country, though the Argle Saxon race is in no part of America so pure as in the Southern States, are often bizarre enough in their way. Most of the semants are firmly pecuaded that Prince Albert is the leading political personage in the State, and does most of the world of Government.

'The lords' are currently believed to make the laws, which are supposed to bear very stringently upon the the State, and does most of the world of Government. The lords" are carrently believed to make the law, which are supposed to bear very stringently upon the "commoners." One old gentleman told us he was quite sure he couldn't bear to live under our Queen, as he "expected" she would always be "ordering him about; nor should he very much like to pay a visit to England, because he thought the police would essee on him on landing and make him tell his business. Greet surprire was frequently expressed at my assertion that I believed more real liberty was enjoyed in England than here, because in England a man was protected against the tyranny of his neighbers while here he was at their mercy. No matter what length of time I speat im proving my cose, I geography found my elequence was expended in vain. That a man can be as tree in the old world as here, is a pr position which sounds to them outer-speously secured. I sometimes vastured to touch upon the custom which prevails here, or expeding, by Lynch law, from the State men who have given utterance to Abolitionist sentiments, is illustration of my argument; and I am giad to say I invariably found that it sitenced the readiest and most violent. The only answer to this I found to be documention upon the horrors that might result from slave rebellion. The fact it to be necessary to the safety of the existing state of things to probibit, absolutely and completely, all discussion as to the right of the masters to their slaves, no one likes to establish a censorship of the press by statutable enactment. This would be rather too clear in motorious of absolution, As long as it is only see mob" or "the public" that mal reat a man for free prech, the credit of the State is saved, while slave property is secured, as "the mob" and "see public are two booles who have neither character to lost, memory to disnore, nor history to suily. There is no more disegrees ble and emberrassing police duty in are two bodies who have neither character to loss, memory to distribution, nor history to sully. There is no more disagrees ble and embarrassing police duty in despotic countries than that of gagging the press. The Emperor of Asstria would, I have no doubt, be only too glad if deputations of "citizesa" were to wait upon all persons guitty of uttering sentiments hostile to his government—guitty, for instance, of questioning his right to dispose freely of the lives and fortunes of his salt of things, and give them twenty-our bours to quit the country. If he could only bring about this state of things, he might safely come before the world as the awoin friend of free speech, and say it was the mob, the unconvolable, unreasoning mob who stopped men's me uths.

the uncontrolable, unreasoning mob who stopped men's men's ments.

There is in the South, nevertheless, I think, a larger amount of kindly feeling toward England than in the North, except among the oultivated por ion of the New-Englanders. There immigrates yearly into the North-enn States a large mass of England-haters, Irish and foreign, who growt, how!, and lie against Great Britain as long as their lungs last them. Very few if any of that class make their way into slave territory. The old race, as it landed in Virgin's and Carolina, is here still tolerably pure from foreign adulteration, and looks bach to the mother country still with much pride and a good deas of affection. Every name one hears is a good old English name, and I have not met an honest faces yet who was not gratified to learn that his engagement was a common one on the sthes side of the water, and who was not visitly delighted to be able to tell which of his ancesters it was whe first set foot on the soil of the New World, English bern and English bred. And, morroover, I have sat at no fireside without being assured by a thousand tokens that I was all the mere yelcome for baving so lately quirted the mether commy